

A

REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, March 28. 1710.

I Am very sorry to begin this new Volume, on a Subject that I foresee must displease a great many People of this Age; but Things are now come to that Height, that there is no Help for it, we must either defend our Cause, or give our Cause up; and which shall we do? — Either it is a Cause of Truth, or it is not; if it is not, Let the QUEEN and Parliament determine it to be so, and give it up first, and then perhaps it may be Time for honest Men to think of it — But if it be a Cause of Truth, Let all the *Demas's* of the Age forsake it, all the Sneakers and Occasional-Time Servers of the Day flinch from it; let all the Fearful and Unbelieving abandon it; tho' there was not one *Whig*

in the Nation, one *Dissenter in the South* of the Island would speak for it; tho' the QUEEN, tho' the Parliament should affect to let it sleep — *If my Heart does not deceive me*, yet would I not cease to own it and defend it.

I am satisfy'd, *the Cause of Liberty is the Cause of Truth*; and it is from this Principle only, That I oppose the *High-Church* Darling Dr. *Sabeverell*, and do it in the Teeth of his Mob, when his Cause would be thought Rising, and when I see Men that pretend to be for Revolution-Principles, cow'd and afraid — I have nothing to say to the Man, I owe him neither Good or Ill, let him be punish'd or escape Punishment; it is the Temper of insulting the Laws,

Laws, and preaching up Tyranny ; 'tis this I oppose, and this I will oppose, if the Tyrant were an Emperor.

But to lay aside the Argument for a while, and speak to Fact ; for really Arguments are at an End, when you come to Mobbs and Tumults — What signifie Debates to the long Club, and Reasoning to a Rabbie ?

We are now come to the Sentence upon the Trial of Dr. Sacheverell, in which it is manifest, that both Sides are disappointed, but indeed I am not. Let us examine the Case.

From the Beginning I said, Let the Parliament but censure the Crime, let them but put a stop to the running Plague Sore, that it may not infect us ; let them but damn the Principle, that we may have no more Pulpit Madness among us — and I care not how lightly they drop the Man ; for of what Consequence is the contemptible Wretch to the whole Nation ? It is the Sedition that must be knockt down, and then let Him and his Crew preach it again at their Peril ; and as easie as they think they have escap'd, let them begin again when they think fit.

The first Appearance of the Party, after the Dr's Sentence, is making Bonfires for Joy, and raising Mobbs to make the poor People put out Illuminations for Fear of having their Windows broke — And are you angry at this, Gentlemen ? I wonder at you ! I would have them go on by all means ; the greatest Poet among the Party could not have made a keener Satyr upon the Doctor ; and what is the English but this, from their own Mouths ? —

Pray, hearken to the Dialogue.

Wbig. What's the Matter, *Cousin Tory*, what are you doing ?

Tory. We are making Bonfires and Illuminations, *Cousin Wbig*.

W. Pray, what for, *Cousin Tory* ?

T. Why, for Joy of Dr. Sacheverell, *Cousin Wbig*.

W. How so, *Cousin Tory*, what are you turn'd *Wbig* ? Are you making Bonfires for Joy that he is condemn'd, and found guilty of preaching Sedition ?

T. No, *Cousin*, no such Thing ; but about the Punishment, *Cousin*, the Punishment.

W. But hark ye, *Cousin Tory*, what Joy have you in the Punishment ? Do you rejoice that he is suspended for three Years, and his Book to be burnt, and his Patron your old Friend tack'd to the Hangman ?

T. No, *Cousin Wbig*, but we rejoice that it is no greater a Punishment.

W. Then you expected it, *Cousin*, to be heavier than it is, did you not ?

T. Much heavier indeed, *Cousin Wbig*, much heavier.

W. Why did you expect it so much heavier, *Cousin* ? Were you sensible he deserved so much more Punishment than he has ?

T. *Cousin Wbig*, *Cousin*, you make your Constructions too close.

W. But have you any other Reason, *Cousin Tory*, why you should expect a greater Punishment ?

T. I'll consider of an Answer to that.

W. Pray do, *Cousin*, and when you have found it, kindle your Bonfire again ; but till you have, it would be more for the Dr's Credit to make no Bonfires, since it is a declaring to the World that you own his Guilt, and only rejoice that he is escap'd by the Clemency of the Lords — This is much such a Joy, as a Criminal, that merits the Gallows, makes when he is excus'd hanging, and obtains Transportation.

Much Good may do you, *Cousin Tory*, with your Joy : I trow, the Dr. will con you no Thanks.

And so much for Bonfires and Illuminations.

But what now shall we say to the Sentence itself ? — I say with the *Hig-Flyers*, that indeed it is a damn'd Sentence — But pray bear me out, Gentlemen — It is damn'd in its Nature, by these very Gentlemen that rejoice in it — It is damn'd by Sacheverell himself, long before he found it fall upon him — It is a Sentence arising from a damn'd Principle — Bless me all ! say the People, what is this Fellow a going to say ? — What, have the

the *House of Lords* been posseſ'd by a
damn'd Principle? The Man is mad, what
does he mean?

'Tis all true, and my Meaning is cor-
respondent to my speaking; 'tis a MO-
DERATE SENTENCE, and therefore
damn'd; it arises from a Principle of Mo-
deration— And this has been damn'd by
this Party, and even by this Doctor for
some Years past, upon all Occasions, as a
Piece of Hypocrisie, a Cloak and Pretence
to bring in a modern Party to destroy the
Church— Thus they have condemn'd
Low-Church Principles, *which in Derision*
they call Moderation; and to be a moderate
Man, is with them to be a Hypocrite—
Nay, Moderation has been branded by
them for the greatest Treachery to the
Church, and the pretended Danger of the
Church was all laid to the Door of this
damn'd Moderation. For this the QUEEN
was call'd a Deserter of the Church, the
Bishops were call'd Presbyterians, and the
Low-Church Men were in the last Derision
call'd the moderate Men; and by a certain
Author, that damn'd Party.

And yet now you rejoice in the Practice
of this damn'd Moderation; 'tis this very
damn'd Principle that has punish'd you so
much less than you deserve, that your
own conscious Guilt makes you call your
very Sentence an Escape—and make Bon-
fires for Joy of your Deliverance.

Thus the World sees the glorious Spirit
of Moderation, that according to the bles-
sed Dealing of our Maker with us, it pun-
ishes the highest Insults with Gentleness
and Compassion— And this very Doctor
ought to sink under the Conviction—
That he is punish'd so lightly, who had
provok'd so highly. Why is it, Sir, that
you escape thus? Even that same Modera-
tion which you have so blasphem'd, and
which, if the *House of Lords* had not pra-
Bis'd, the *High-Church* must have lost an
Idol, and you must have laid down your
Shepherd's Cloathing; in which Case the
ravenous Part of you would have better
appear'd.

But this Principle of Moderation, by
which the *House* have acted, is the Glory

of the present Constitution; 'tis the Essence
of our present Prosperity; 'tis the Lustre
of the QUEEN's Reign; 'tis the bright
Consequence of the happy Revolution;
'tis the peculiar Honour of the Peers of
Britain; and be it, that it is damn'd by the
Voice of a raging Party who curse it; and
their Maker in a Breath; and this is what
I mean by a damn'd Principle; yet like
Wisdom, 'tis justify'd of her Children, 'tis
bestow'd from Heaven, and has this Pecu-
liar, that of all Heaven's Gifts, this, I bid
almost said, this alone never is given in a
Curse.

Thus the Sentence is a damn'd Sentence,
as it comes from a Principle your Party has
damn'd and rejected; and 'tis an evident
Judgment upon you, that that very Mo-
deration, which you have so damn'd, you
are forc'd to fly to, and to be sav'd by.

O Gentlemen *High-Fliers*, will you never
think? BUT for Moderation, where had
you been? — Had you had the common
Severities of your own blessed Days, where
had you been? Was Argyle in Scotland con-
demn'd to the Axe? Was poor Julian
whipp'd from Newgate to Tyburn, tho' a
Clergy-man, a Gentleman, and a Man of
Learning? — Was their Crime half so
much as this Man's? — These were
Times of YOUR Moderation; these were
the blessed Days you would restore us to;
Thank your Moderation, when Scotland
flow'd with Blood, and England flow'd with
Blood; when Scotland over-run with Sol-
diers, robb'd and murthe'd at Pleasure,
and England cut Throats in Form of Law,
as my Lord Russel call'd it, *the worst Sort of*
Murder. — Now have you Cause to
bless the Revolution, by whose Consequence
instead of Blood for Blood, you find Mercy
for Cruelty, and Moderation for Tyranny.

I might offer a Caution here to the
Doctor and his Party—It was given to the
Whore in the Gospel, when the Jews were
angry at Our Saviour's Moderation—
GO, Sin no more, lest a worse thing befall
thee. But of this in my next.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the said Mr. Christopher Bartlett, lives at his House in *Goodman's-Fields*, and is very skillful in the Busines. of her own Sex.